NUMB. XCI.

The SPECTATOR.

In furias ignemq; ruunt Amor omnibus Idem. Virg.

Thurſday, June 14. 1711.

THO' the Subject I am now going upon would be much more properly the Foundation of a Comedy, I cannot forbear inſerting the Circumſtances which pleaſed me in the Account a young Lady gave me of the Loves of a Family in Town, which ſhall be nameleſs, or rather for the better Sound, and Elevation of the Hiſtory, inſtead of Mr. and Mrs. ſuch a one, I ſhall call them by feigned Names. Without further Preface, you are to know that within the Liberties of the City of *Weſtminſter* lies the Lady *Honoria*, a Widow about the Age of Forty, of a healthy Conſtitution, gay Temper, and elegant Perſon. She dreſſes a little too much like a Girl, affects a Childiſh Fondneſs in the Tone of her Voice, ſometimes a pretty Sullenneſs in the leaning of her Head, and now and then a Down-caſt of her Eyes on her Fan: Neither her Imagination nor her Health would ever give her to know that ſhe is turned of Twenty, but that in the midſt of theſe pretty Softneſſes, and Airs of Delicacy and Attraction, ſhe has a tall Daughter within a Fortnight of Fifteen, who impertinently comes into the Room, and Towers ſo much towards Woman, that her Mother is always checked by her Preſence, and every Charm of *Honoria* droops at the Entrance of *Flavia*. The agreeable *Flavia* would be what ſhe is not, as well as her Mother *Honoria*, but all their Beholders are more partial to an Affectation of what a Perſon is growing up to, than of what has been already enjoyed, and is gone for ever. It is therefore allowed to *Flavia* to look forward, but not to *Honoria* to look back. *Flavia* is no way dependant on her Mother, with Relation to her Fortune, for which Reaſon they live almoſt upon an Equality in Converſation; and as *Honoria* has given *Flavia* to underſtand, that it is ill bred to be always calling Mother, *Flavia* is as well pleaſed never to be called Child. It happens, by this means, that theſe Ladies are generally Rivals in all Places where they appear, and the Words Mother and Daughter never paſs between them, but out of Spite. *Flavia* one Night at a Play, obſerving *Honoria* draw the Eyes of ſeveral in the Pitt, called a Lady who ſat by her, and bid her ask her Mother to lend her her Snuff-Box for one Moment. Another time, when a Lover of *Honoria* was on his Knees beſeeching the Favour to Kiſs her Hand, *Flavia* ruſhing into the Room kneeled down by him and asked Bleſſing. Several of theſe Contradictory Acts of Duty have raiſed between them ſuch a Coldneſs, that they generally converſe when they are in mixed Company, by way of Talking at one another, and not to one another. *Honoria* is ever complaining of a certain Sufficiency in the young Women of this Age, who aſſume to themſelves an Authority of carrying all things before them, as if they were Poſſeſſors of the Eſteem of Mankind; and all, who were but a Year before them in the World, were neglected or deceaſed. *Flavia*, upon ſuch a Provocation, is ſure to obſerve that there are People who can reſign nothing, and know not how to give up what they know they cannot hold; that there are thoſe who will not allow Youth their Follies, not becauſe they are themſelves paſt them, but becauſe they love to continue in them. Theſe Beauties Rival each other on all Occaſions, not that they have always had the ſame Lovers, but each has kept up a Vanity to ſhew the other the Charms of her Lover. *Dick Craſtin* and *Tom Tulip*, among many others, have of late been Pretenders in this Family: *Dick* to *Honoria*, *Tom* to *Flavia*. *Dick* is the only ſurviving Beau of the laſt Age, and *Tom* almoſt the only one that keeps up that Order of Men in this.

I wiſh I could repeat the little Circumſtances of a Converſation of the four Lovers with the Spirit in which the young Lady, I had my Account from, repreſented it at a Viſit where I had the Honour to be preſent; but it ſeems *Dick Craſtin* the Admirer of *Honoria*, and *Tom Tulip* the Pretender to *Flavia*, were purpoſely admitted together by the Ladies, that each might ſhow the other that her Lover had the Superiority in the Accompliſhments of that ſort of Creature, whom the fillier part of Women call a Fine Gentleman. As this Age has a much more groſs Taſte in Courtſhip, as well as every thing elſe, than the laſt had, theſe Gentlemen are Inſtances of it in their different manner of Application. *Tulip* is ever making

making Allusions to the Vigour of his Person, the nimble Force of his Make, while *Craftin* professes a wary Observation of the Turns of his Mistress's Mind. *Tulip* gives himself the Air of a resistless Ravisher, *Craftin* practises that of a skilful Lover. Poetry is the inseparable Property of every Man in Love; and as Men of Wit write Verses on those Occasions, the rest of the World repeat the Verses of others. These Servants of the Ladies were used to imitate their manner of Conversation, and allude to one another, rather than interchange Discourse in what they said when they met. *Tulip*, the other day, seized his Mistress's Hand, and repeated out of *Ovid's Art of Love*,

Thus I can in soft Battels pass the Night,
Yet rise next Morning Vigorous for the Fight,
Fresh as the Day, and active as the Light.

Upon hearing this, *Craftin*, with an Air of Deference, played *Honoria*'s Fan, and repeated,

Sidley has that prevailing gentle Art,
That can, with a resistless Charm, impart
The loosest Wishes to the chastest Heart,
Raise such a Conflict, kindle such a Fire,
Between declining Virtue and Desire,
Till the poor vanquish'd Maid dissolves away
In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.

When *Craftin* had uttered these Verses, with a Tenderness which at once spoke Passion and Respect, *Honoria* cast a Triumphant Glance at *Flavia*, as exulting in the Elegance of *Craftin*'s Courtship, and upbraiding her with the Homeliness of *Tulip*'s. *Tulip* understood the Reproach, and in return began to quote the Wisdom of old amorous Gentlemen, who turned their Mistress's Imagination, as far as possible, from what they had long themselves forgot, and ended his Discourse with a sly Commendation of the Doctrine of *Platonick* Love; at the same time run over, with a laughing Eye, *Craftin*'s thin Legs, meager Looks and spare Body. The old Gentleman immediately left the Room with some Disorder, and the Conversation fell upon untimely Passion, after Love, and unseasonable Youth. *Tulip* sung, danced, moved before the Glass, led his Mistress half a Minuet, humm'd

Celia the Fair, in the Bloom of fifteen,

when there came a Servant with a Letter to him, which was as follows.

SIR,

I understand very well what you meant by your Mention of *Platonick* Love. I shall be glad to meet you immediately in *Hide-Park*, or behind *Montague-house*, or attend you to *Barn Elmes*, or any other fashionable Place that's fit for a Gentleman to dye in, that you shall appoint for,

SIR,

Your most Humble Servant,

Richard Craftin.

Tulip's Colour changed at the reading this Epistle, for which Reason his Mistress snatched it to read the Contents. While she was doing so *Tulip* went away, and the Ladies now agreeing in a Common Calamity, bewailed together the Danger of their Lovers. They immediately undressed to go out, and take Hackneys to prevent Mischief; but, after alarming all Parts of the Town, *Craftin* was found by his Widow in his Pumps at *Hide-Park*, which Appointment *Tulip* never kept, but made his Escape into the Country. *Flavia* tears her Hair for his Inglorious Safety, curses and despises her Charmer, is fallen in Love with *Craftin*: Which is the first Part of the History of the *Rival Mother*.

Compleat Setts of this Paper, for the Month of May, are to be sold by Mr. Graves in St. James's Street; Mr. Lewis under Tom's Coffee-House, Covent-Garden; Mr. Lillie, Perfumer, the Corner of Beauford-Buildings; Mr. Sanger at the Temple Gate; Mr. Lloyd near the Church in the Temple; Mr. Knapton in St. Paul's Church-Yard; Mr. Round in Exchange Ally, and Mrs. Baldwin in Warwick-lane, where also may be had those for the Months of March and April.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

This Day is Publish'd,

The History of King James's Ecclesiastical Commission: Containing all the Proceedings against the Lord Bishop of London; Dr. Sharp, now Archbishop of York; Magdalen College in Oxford; The University of Cambridge; The Charter-House at London; and The seven Bishops: With a short Account of the Lives and Characters of the Commissioners: Interspers'd with several curious Lists and Memoirs, never before Printed. To which are added, An Epitaph design'd for an Ecclesiastical Commissioner; A Speech to the King of Poland; and a Vindication of a true Patriot. Printed for S. Popping in Pater-noster-Row.

Whereas Her Majesty hath been Graciously pleas'd to grant her Royal Letters Patents unto Mr. Michael Cole, for the sole Use of his Invention of a new sort of Lights, consisting of one entire Globular Glass, which will cast a true, clear, strong and uniform Light, without glaring or any dark Shadow, and which by Experience hath been found to be very useful and Ornamental in Churches, Halls, Stair Cases, Streets, and any other Publick Places. These are to give Notice to all Persons desirous to have Accommodated with the same, that they can be afforded and maintained at one third part of the Charge of other Lights heretofore us'd, and that the Patentee or his Agents may be heard of, or spoken with at Mr. Peter Smith's a Merchant in New Court in Swithin's Lane near Lombard Street.

Lost on Tuesday the 5th Instant, going into the Musick-meeting in the Piazza in Covent-garden, a Small Snuff-box with Gold Sides and Joint and a Pearle Top carved, with a piece of paint within. Whoever brings it to Charles Mather near Temple bar in Fleet street, shall receive Six Guineas reward, being much more than the Gold weighs, and no questions ask'd.

Just Publish'd,

An Account of the present State and Government of the Empire of Germany: In a Letter to Thomas Foley of Whitley in the County of Worcester, Esq; by M. Le Vassor. Printed for Jacob Tonson at Shakespear's Head over-against Catherine street in the Strand.

Just Publish'd,

A very Neat and Correct Edition of the Works of Mr. Francis Beaumont and Mr. John Fletcher. In Seven Vols. 8vo Adorn'd with Cuts. With some Account of the Life and Writings of the Authors. Printed for J. Tonson, at Shakespear's Head over-against Catherine street in the Strand.

Just Published, and Printed very Correctly, with a neat Elzever Letter, in 12mo. for the Pocket,

Paradise Lost, a Poem in twelve Books, written by Mr. John Milton. The Ninth Edition, adorn'd with Sculptures. Printed for Jacob Tonson at Shakespear's Head over against Catherine-street in the Strand.

N° D. Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick Lane*; where Advertisements are taken in; also by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the Strand.